



Thoughts upon female Education, accommodated to the present state of Society, Manners, and Government, in the United States of America, extracted from an address to the Visitors of the Young Ladies Academy in Philadelphia, 28th July, 1787, at the close of the quarterly examination, by Benjamin Rush, M. D.

The first remark that I shall make upon this subject, is, that female education should be accommodated to the state of society, manners, and government of the country, in which it is conducted.

This remark leads me at once to add, that the education of young ladies, in this country, should be conducted upon principles very different from what it is in Great-Britain, and in some respects different from what it was when we were part of a monarchical empire.

There are several circumstances in the situation, employments, and duties of women, in America, which require a peculiar mode of education.

I. The early marriages of our women, by contracting the time allowed for education, render it necessary to contract its plan, and to confine it chiefly to the more useful branches of literature.

II. The state of property, in America, renders it necessary for the greatest part of our citizens to employ themselves, in different occupations, for the advancement of their fortunes.—This cannot be done without the assistance of the female members of the community. They must be the stewards, and guardians of their husbands property. That education, therefore, will be most proper for our women, which teaches them to discharge the duties of those offices with the most success and reputation.

III. From the numerous avocations to which a professional life exposes gentlemen in America from their families, a principal share of the instruction of children naturally devolves upon the women. It becomes us therefore to prepare them by a suitable education, for the discharge of this most important duty of mothers.

IV. The equal share that every citizen has in the liberty, and the possible share he may have in the government, of our country, make it necessary that our ladies should be qualified to a certain degree by a peculiar and suitable education, to concur in instructing their sons in the principles of liberty and government.

V. In Great-Britain the business of servants is a regular occupation; but in America a humble station is usually filled by slaves, persons who are reduced to unexpected necessity; hence the servants, in this country, in the former case, possess less fidelity, and in the latter, less knowledge and subordination, than are required from them. And hence, our ladies are obliged to attend more to the private affairs

of their families, than ladies generally do, of the same rank in Great-Britain. "They are good servants (said an American lady of distinguished merit* in a letter to a favorite daughter) who will do well with good looking after."—This circumstance should have great influence upon the nature and extent of female education in America.

The branches of literature most essential for a young lady, in this country, appear to be,

I. A knowledge of the English language.—She should not only read, but speak and spell it correctly. The usual mode of teaching English syntax by means of rules committed to memory appears to be as absurd as to teach a child to walk, by instructing it in the names and powers of the muscles which move the lower extremities. The ear should be the avenue through which all knowledge in Syntax should first be conveyed to the mind. Familiar conversations are alone proper for this purpose. —By this agreeable and rational mode of teaching grammar we follow the analogy of instruction, in other branches of literature. Who ever attempted to demonstrate the uses of the different coats and humours of the eye, to persons who were unacquainted with the phenomena of light? Or who ever thought of explaining the laws of vegetation, to persons who were strangers to the figure of plants?

II. Pleasure and interest conspire to make the writing of a fair and legible hand, a necessary branch of female education. For this purpose the should be taught not only to shape every letter properly, but to pay the strictest regard to points and capitals.†

I once heard of a man who professed to discover the temper and disposition of persons by looking at their hand writing. Without enquiring into the probability of this story; I shall only remark, that there is one thing in which all mankind agree upon this subject, and that is, in considering writing that is blotted, crooked, or illegible, as a mark of vulgar education. I know of few things more rude or illiberal, than to obtrude a letter upon a person of rank or business, which cannot be easily read. Peculiar care should be taken to avoid every kind of ambiguity and affectation in writing names. I have now a letter in my possession upon business, from a gentleman of a liberal profession in a neighboring State, which I am unable to answer because I cannot discover the name which is subscribed to it. For obvious reasons I would recommend the writing of the first or christian name at full length, where it does not consist of more than two syllables. Abbreviations of all kinds in letter-writing, which always denote either haste or carelessness, should likewise be avoided. I have only to add under this head, that the Italian and inverted hands which are read with difficulty, are by no means accommo-

dated to the active state of business in America, or to the simplicity of the citizens of a republic.

III. Some knowledge of figures and book-keeping is absolutely necessary to qualify a young lady for the duties which await her in this country. There are certain occupations in which she may assist her husband with this knowledge; and should she survive him, and agreeably to the custom of our country be the executrix of his will, she cannot fail of deriving immense advantages from it.

IV. An acquaintance with geography and some instruction in chronology will enable a young lady to read history, biography, and travels, with advantage; and thereby qualify her not only for a general intercourse with the world, but, to be an agreeable companion for a sensible man. To these branches of knowledge may be added, in some instances, a general acquaintance with the first principles of chemistry, and natural philosophy, particularly with such parts of them as are applicable to domestic and culinary purposes.

V. Vocal music should never be neglected, in the education of a young lady, in this country. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of a domestic life. The distress and vexation of a husband—the noise of a nursery, and, even, the sorrows that will some times intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I hope it will not be thought foreign to this part of our subject to introduce a fact here, which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which our climate, and other causes, have of late exposed them.—Our German fellow citizens are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but in one instance of spitting of blood amongst them. This, I believe is in part, occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire, by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education.—The music-master of our academy* has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that, he had known several instances of persons who were

* Mrs. Greme.

† The present mode of writing among persons of taste is to use a capital letter only for the best word of a sentence, for names of persons, places and months, and for the first word of every line in poetry. The words should be so shaped that a straight line may be drawn between the two lines, without touching the extremities of the words in either of them.

* Mr. Adgate

strongly disposed to the consumption, who were restored to health, by the moderate exercise of their lungs in finging.

VI. Dancing is by no means an improper branch of education for an American lady. It promotes health, and renders the figure and motions of the body easy and agreeable. I anticipate the time when the resources of conversation shall be so far multiplied, that the amusement of dancing, shall be wholly confined to children. But in our present state of society and knowledge, I conceive it to be an agreeable substitute for the ignoble pleasures of drinking, and gaming, in our assemblies of grown people.

VII. The attention of our young ladies should be directed, as soon as they are prepared for it, to the reading of history—travels—poetry—and moral essays. These studies are accommodated, in a peculiar manner, to the present state of society in America, and when a relish is excited for them, in early life, they subdue that passion for reading novels, which so generally prevails among the fair sex. I cannot dismiss this species of writing and reading without observing, that the subjects of novels are by no means accommodated to our present manners. They hold up life as it is, but it is not as yet life, in America. Our passions have not as yet “overstepped the modesty of nature,” nor are they “torn to tatters,” to use the expressions of the poet, by extravagant love, jealousy, ambition, or revenge. As yet the intrigues of a British novel, are as foreign to our manners, as the refinements of Asiatic vice.—Let it not be said, that the tales of distress, which fill modern novels, have a tendency to soften the female heart into acts of humanity.—The fact is the reverse of this. The abortive sympathy which is excited by the recital of imaginary distress, blunts the heart to that which is real; and, hence, we sometimes see instances of young ladies, who weep away a whole forenoon over the criminal sorrows of a fictitious Charlotte or Werter, turning with disdain at two o'clock from the sight of a beggar, who solicits in feeble accents or signs, a small portion of only, of the crumbs which fall from their father's tables.

VIII. There have been many controversies upon the subject of public and private education. The principal objection to the former, has always been derived from its mischievous influence upon the morals and manners of young people. The folly and vice of every scholar, it has been said, are disseminated; so that in a little while, each scholar possesses the follies and vices of the whole. But is there no remedy for these evils? Yes there is.—The principles and precepts of christianity are a sovereign antidote to them. Let, therefore, all the branches of education which have been mentioned, be connected with regular instruction in the Christian religion. For this purpose the principles of the different sects of christians should be taught and explained, and our pupils should early be furnished with some of the most simple arguments in favour of the truth of Christianity*. A portion of the bible (of late improperly banished from our schools) should be read by them every day, and such questions should be asked, after reading it, as are calculated to imprint upon their minds the interesting stories contained in it.

Roussau has asserted that the great secret of education consists in “wasting the time of children profitably.” There is some truth in this

observation. I believe that we often impair their health, and weaken their capacities, by imposing studies upon them, which are not proportioned to their years. But this objection does not apply to religious instruction. There are certain simple propositions in the christian religion, that are suited in a peculiar manner, to the infant state of reason and moral sensibility. A clergyman of long experience in the instruction of youth† informed me, that he always found children acquired religious knowledge more easily than knowledge upon other subjects; and that young girls acquired this kind of knowledge more readily than boys.—The female breast is the natural soil of christianity; and while our women are taught to believe its doctrines, and obey its precepts, the wit of Voltaire, and the stile of Bolingbroke, will never be able to destroy its influence upon our citizens.

I cannot help remarking in this place, that christianity exerts the most friendly influence upon science, as well as upon the morals and manners of mankind. Whether this be occasioned by the unity of truth, and the mutual assistance which truths upon different subjects afford each other, or whether the faculties of the mind be sharpened and corrected by embracing the truths of revelation, and thereby prepared to investigate and perceive truths upon other subjects I will not determine, but it is certain that the greatest discoveries in science have been made by christian philosophers, and that there is the most knowledge in those countries where there is the most christianity.‡ By knowledge I mean truth only; and by truth I mean the preception of things as they appear to the divine mind. If this remark be well founded, then those philosophers who reject christianity, and those christians, whether parents or school-masters, who neglect the religious instruction of their children and pupils, reject and neglect the most effectual means of promoting knowledge in our country.

(To be concluded.)

* Baron Haller's letters to his daughter on the truths of the christian religion, and Dr. Beattie's “evidences of the christian religion briefly and plainly stated” are excellent little tracts, and well adapted for this purpose.

† The Rev. Dr. Nicholas Collin, minister of the Swedish church in Wicocoe.

‡ This is true in a peculiar manner in the science of medicine. A young Scotch physician of enterprising talents, who conceived a high idea of the state of medicine in the eastern countries, spent two years in enquiries after medical knowledge in Constantinople, and Grand Cairo. On his return to Britain he confessed to an American physician whom he met at Naples, that after all his researches and travels, he “had discovered nothing except a single fact relative to the plague, that he thought worth remembering or communicating.” The science of medicine in China, according to the accounts of De Hale, is in as imperfect a state as among the Indians of North America.

INFLEXIBLE VIRTUE.

IN the year 1726, James Lynch, in Fitz Stephen, merchant, being elected Mayor of Galway, in Ireland, sent his only son commander of one of his ships, to Bilbao in Spain for a cargo of wine. Former dealings at this place were

the means of recommending the father's credit, which young Lynch took advantage of to secrete the money for his own use, which his father entrusted him with for the purchase of the cargo. The Spaniard who supplied him on this occasion, sent his nephew with him to Ireland, to receive the debt, and establish a further correspondence. The young man, who were much of an age, sailed together with that seeming satisfaction which congenial situations generally create among mankind. Open and generous, the Spaniard anticipated the pleasures which he should enjoy with such a friend, in a place so remarkable for qualities which we are no longer to look for, but in the narrative of other times. The ship proceeded on her voyage, and as every day must bring them nearer the place of destination and discovery of the fraud intended by Lynch, he conceived the diabolical resolution of throwing his friend overboard. After founding the sentiments of the hands on board, he brought the major part of them over to his purpose, by promise of reward, and the rest by fear. On the night of the fifth day, the unfortunate Spaniard was violently seized in his bed, and thrown overboard. A few days more brought them to a port; his father and friends received him, with joy, and in a short time bestowed a sufficient capital to set him up in business—Security had lulled every sense of danger; and he proposed a beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighbour, in marriage. His terms were accepted, and the day appointed, which was to crown his yet successful villainy, when one of the sailors who had been with him on his voyage to Spain, was taken ill, and finding himself at the point of death, sent for the father, and communicated a full relation of the horrid deed his son had committed on the high seas. The father, though struck speechless with astonishment and grief, at length shook off all the feelings which inclined the parent to natural partiality.

“Justice shall take its course,” said the indignant magistrate; and herewith, in a few minutes had his son seized with the rest of the crew and threw them into prison. They all confessed the crime; a criminal process was made out against them, and in a few days a small town, in the west of Ireland beheld a sight paralleled by a very few instances in the history of mankind; a father sitting in judgment, like another Lucius Junius Brutus, on his son! and like him too condemned him to die as a sacrifice to public justice! if the Almighty looks down with pleasure on the virtues of mankind, here was an action worthy of approbation, a father consigning his son to an ignominious death, and tearing away all the hands of paternal affection, where the laws of nature were violated and justice demanded the blow; “Were any other but your wretched father your judge (said the inflexible magistrate) I might have dropt a tear over my child's misfortunes, and solicited for his life, though stained with murder: but you must die! These are the last drops that shall quench the sparks of nature; and if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow creature.”

He was led back to prison, and a short time appointed for his execution. Amazement sat on the face of every one within the little community, which at most did not consist of more than three thousand people. The relations of the unhappy culprit surrounded the father; they conjured him by all the solicitude of na-

and compassion, to spare his son. His wretched mother, whose name was Blake, flew in distraction to the heads of her own family, and at length prevailed on them for the honor of their house to rescue her from the ignominy of death must bring on her name. They agreed to deliver him from prison; when his father, being informed of their intention, had him conveyed to his own house, which he surrounded with the officers of justice, he made the executioner fasten the rope to his neck: You have time to live my son, said he, let the care of your soul employ the few moments; take the last embrace of your unhappy father." He ordered the rope to be well secured to a window and compelled the constables to throw his body out; a few minutes put an end to his existence; under the window in Lombard street to this day a skull and bones carved in black marble, is to be seen which the father put as a memento mori. Succeeding time looked upon an act with astonishment, which the production of the arts in every country should perpetuate with statues.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR.

THE duties and the comforts of good neighborhood consists in the suppression of the selfish, irascible, and the malevolent passions, and in the cultivation and exercise of those that are generous and friendly. He that is attentive only to his own concerns and interest, and cares not what becomes of others; he that is easily provoked and ready to resent; he that is envious at the prosperity of others, or wishes their ruin, or is glad of their calamity, cannot be a good neighbor. He only is deserving of the character, who is kind, obliging, who is willing to do a good turn, as well as to receive one; willing to lend as well as to borrow; who is considerate of the characters and of the interests of those among whom he lives; who being a fallible creature himself, is disposed to make all reasonable allowances for the failings of others; who, short, who is observant of the golden rule, to do to others whatsoever he would have others to do to him.

NEWARK, JULY 14.

—THE MORALIST—

*Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to Heaven?
Curst fame of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
Pride in religion is man's highest praise.*

GENUINE religion, is fairer and more lovely than sun and stars; these act not but are acted by a natural process, and a necessary order. Religion is the order of choice, the process of reason and liberty, and amidst opposing enemies and contending passions dequits itself a conqueror: unsuccessful it may be in its efforts, and sometimes defeated in its views, depressed by violence, blackened by calumny, buried in the shade, or deformed by calamity, it is still august; and like beauty and innocence in tears, more lovely and affecting, than the high born prostitute, adorned with all the glitter of wealth, the delicacy of dress, and the pomp of equipage. It is a divine vigor in the soul, triumphing over the darkness, the misery and ills of nature and converting them into the objects of acquiescence, complacency and tranquility.

Religion is the image of God stamped upon human nature, refining its baseness, exalting its meanness, enlightening its darkness, enlarging its littleness, enriching its poverty, healing its maladies, and converting its very wants, distresses, and miseries, into abundance, triumph, happiness and glory.—Poor human nature indeed, without this divine treasure; amidst opulence how needy; amidst titles and honours how ignoble and mean; in a palace how miserable, how contemptible on a throne. Religion, the child of heaven, wears an angel's smile, and is distinguished by all the graces of its divine original; elevated and aspiring, yet winning and attracting, benevolent, gracious, courteous and condescending; its features formed to complacency; its voice attuned to harmony; its eye beaming with benignity, and all its motions, though composed and steady, yet graceful, elegant and unassuming. True religion surveys the progressive rise and fall of states, of nations and empires, with the short-lived existence, and certain and universal mortality of the human race: and under this conviction aspires to a name, a character and existence, which will mock the flight of ages, and survive the desolation of empire. Religion erects for her sons, a temple sacred to immortality. The good man apprehends no death or dissolution! invited to heaven, and called glory and immortality; he soars above this dim spot, which men call earth, and is lost in the boundless, the infinite, the incomprehensible progression of eternity that appears to his prospect. How lovely, how attractive is religion in her native charms; her divine beauty and happy effects! true religion is the founder of cities, the enactor of laws, the support of society, the health of a state, the conqueror in war, the ornament in peace, the source of national order and happiness, the security of prosperity, the cement of friendship, the bond of conjugal fidelity, the purest of domestic harmony, the dying man's support and comfort; vital religion the bliss of private life, the best defence, ornament and honor of public characters; the beauty of youth, the flower of old age; this vital principle is the fairest flower that opens upon earth, the sweetest incense that ascends the skies.

—ANECDOTES—

Of J. R. Esq. an eminent Attorney, in New-England.

AT the time Mr. R. graduated himself, and some other of his classmates formed a resolution with themselves, which of the professional vocations to pursue.—Mr. R. preferred the study of divinity; which, for a time he pursued; but after a while left it, and took to the study of medicine;—but not succeeding to his wishes, he relinquished his medicinal studies, and espoused those of the law, where the utmost possible success was the happy reward of his endeavours. Some time after he chanced to meet with his old comrades, who immediately interrogated him, and admired at the great change he had experienced in point of sentiment, since his graduation.

"Change, indeed! (replied Mr. R.)—but you know my ruling ambition was, to follow that calling which should prove most lucrative; and therefore, I took to the study of divinity, imagining men would give more for the preservation of their souls than any thing else; but finding their carelessness for their souls' good so great, I relinquished it for that of medicine; but

my success therein not answering my expectations, I embraced the study of the law, as the last alternative, and succeeded equal to my most sanguine wishes; and eventually find that men will sacrifice an infinitely greater proportion of their interest for the gratification of their passions and wills, than they will for the preservation of either soul or body.

An Abbe, who was very large and fat, coming late in the evening to a city, and meeting with a countryman asked him if he could get in at the gate? *I believe so, said the peasant, looking at him jocosely, for I saw a waggon pass in there this morning.*

PITY.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of spring—as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He that pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserves it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleeding of the Lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew drops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she implores thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O! pity her affliction, and extend thine hand to those that have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with the cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of the dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; O! how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes?

WHISPERING in company is an act of ill breeding: it seems to insinuate either that the persons whom we would not wish should hear, are unworthy of our confidence, or it may lead them to suppose we are speaking improperly of them. On both accounts, therefore, abstain from it.

—QUINTUARY—

*Relentless death with indiscriminate rage
Will neither spare, conditions sex nor age;
The old, the young, the middle-aged—all
Must soon or late unto him victims fall;
From his cold grasp 'en virtue cannot shield,
For all must to the king of terrors yield;
But tho' they yield—yet all the just shall cry,
Death, where's thy sting? Grave where's thy victory?*

Died, very suddenly, in this town, on Tuesday morning, JABEZ PIERSON, in consequence of a fall from his waggon the day previous.—He was an honest man and a good christian.

At Philadelphia, at the house of Francis Helfrich, on the 3d inst. Mr. ADAM BORN, aged 103 years, 6 months and 3 days.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

As the memory of all those Heroes, who fell in the cause of our liberty and independence, must ever be dear to every generous American, it is conceived that the following Elegy to the memory of Dr. Warren, who fell at Bunker-Hill, June 17, 1775; written by a lady of Philadelphia six days after the action, but which was never published until it appeared in the New-York Weekly Museum, of 28th April last, will not at this time be unacceptable to our readers.

HE'S gone! great WARREN's soul from earth is fled,
Great WARREN's name is number'd with the dead.
That breast where every patriot virtue glow'd,
That form where nature every grace bellow'd;
That healing hand which rais'd the drooping head,
Which led pale sickness from her languid bed;
That tongue which bade in Freedom's cause combine
Truth, learning, sense and eloquence divine,
Are now no more—all wrapt in sacred fire,
On Liberty's exalted shrine expire;
While the great spirit which the whole inform'd
Glow'd in the breast, and every feature warm'd,
Mounts midst the flame to its own native heaven,
Where angels plaudits to its deeds are given.
Methinks I see the solemn pomp ascend,
See every Patriot's shade his steps attend;
Immortal Hampden leads the godlike band,
And near him Raleigh, Russell, Sidney stand,
With these each hero, every chief, whose name
Stands high recorded on the lists of fame,
Round WARREN press, and hail with glad applause,
This early victim to fair Freedom's cause;
With generous haste the laurel wreath they twine,
And round his brows they bind the crown divine;
Oh glorious fate! which bids the gloomy grave
But ope the gates of triumph to the brave.
Sure, god-like WARREN! on thy natal hour
Some star propitious shed its brightest pow'r—
By natur's hand with taste, with genius form'd,
Thy generous breast with every virtue warm'd,
Thy soul endu'd with sense, thy form with grace,
And all thy virtues painted in thy face;
Grave wisdom mark'd thee as her fav'rite child,
And on thy youth indulgent science smil'd;
Well pleas'd she led thee to her sacred bower,
And to thy hands consign'd her healing power;
Still more to bless the soothing friendship strove,
And bade thee share in Adams, Hancock's love;
With these united in fair Freedom's cause,
Thou stoodst the brave asserter of her laws,
While ever watchful for thy country's weal,
No arts could warp, no dangers damp thy zeal;
Thy grateful country to thy virtues just,
To thee committed each important trust,
Call'd thee o'er all her councils to preside,
And midst the storm the helm of state to guide;
Equal to all, alike in all thou shin'd
The patriot, friend, and confessor combin'd,

Heaven, saw thy virtues to perfection soar,
Till nature fail'd, and earth could bear no more,
Approving saw; and burst the bonds of clay,
Which stay'd thy passage from the realms of day;

And that e'en death might to thy fame conspire,
Bade thee on Freedom's glorious field expire,
Bade Liberty and Honor guard thy grave,
And countless thousands for thy mourners gave.

And dare we then thy sacred triumph mourn,
And with the tear of grief profane thine urn?
Illustrious shade! forgive our mingled woes,
Which not for thee, but for our country flows;
We mourn her loss, we mourn her hero gone,
Her favorite son, her patriot Warren flown.
But oh! from yon bright realms vouchsafe to bend

On us thy looks, and to our cause attend;
Thy country's guardian angel deign to prove,
And watch around us with thy wonted love;
Still o'er her councils may thy soul preside,
Thy light direct us, and thy genius guide:
May thy great spirit glow in every breast,
And be thy virtues on each heart impress;
So shalt thou not alone in glory stand,
But other WARRENS shall adorn our land.

SYLVIA.

FROM THE QUEBEC HERALD. MONODY.

*Alas, where with her I have stray'd
I can wander with pleasure, alone!*

SHERSTONE.

LEAVE me, my friend, the wild sequester'd wood,
The melancholy brook, the whisp'ring wind,
The plaintive linnets' note,* and solitude
Suit best the tender anguish of my mind,

Nor wonder at my choice, if fond I stray,
Resign'd to thought beneath the lonely grove;
Absent and dull I lounge among the gay;
Their jokes displease—my heart is with my love.

Wouldst thou with friendly converse sooth my care,
Praise the mild azure of my Delia's eye;
Dwell on the soften'd graces of my fair,
Nor call it affectation, if I sigh.

Her soft, expressive, melting eyes bespeak
A soul as gentle as her accents flow;
Mild is the dimple on her crimson cheek,
Her auburn tresses shade a neck of snow:

Tall shines the graceful maid—yet ah desist,
In pity cease to praise the matchless fair;
You nurse the anxious sorrows of my breast,
And only plunge me deeper in despair.

In silence oft, and with a stifled sigh,
An humble tender glance I fond have stole;
Then, if I met her soul subduing eye,
Let lovers tell the transports of my soul!

I thought she pity'd me—ah fool, the while!
Her lovely eyes a thousand hopes can move;
Despair is banish'd by her beauteous smile;
And ah, how false a flatterer is love!

Here musing, let me pass my pensive day;
Disturb no more my friend, the sacred shade;
For here, in happier hours, she deign'd to stray,
Each object round recalls my fav'rite maid.

On this green bank, where once her limbs reclin'd,
Romantic let me sigh my hours away,
And in fond raptures gladly call to mind,
The gentle things my charmer deign'd to say.

Ah why thy melancholy friend persuade
The dull, unfeeling revellers to join?
To quit the image of the beauteous maid,
And drown my cares in turbulence and wine

I hate such gross debasements of the soul,
Such false, unsteady joys I scorn to prove;
Full well thou know'st the magic of the bowl
And wine deceives and flatters more than love

Hast thou not seen a veteran profound
In drunken ostentation count his scars,
His flush'd companions nodding all around,
Tir'd with a long detail of endless wars?

His unprais'd arm would many a host engage
Down it descends—nor e'en the table spare
Then, with a sigh, we pity'd prating age,
And lost the reverence due to silver hairs.

Hast thou not seen, deceiv'd by fraudulent wine
In self conceit and nauseous bumpers drown'd?
Ten orators, at once, attempt to shine,
And sputter nonsense and confusion round?

The soul, mistrusting, asks if this be joy!†
Such groveling scenes are poor relief for sorrow;
E'en while false hopes his heated mind employ
Each bloated caustic trembles for to-morrow

Say, should I quit love's pure, refining sway,
To claim a despicable drunkard's praise?
As soon I'd change the morning's cheerful ray
For the dull crackle of a stubble blaze!

But flattering love ill can my soul withstand;
My Delia's eyes inspire a brighter flame;
The gentlest pressure of her lilly hand
Thrills with ethereal transport through my frame.

Falacious LOVE, thou dear deluding power,
Softest her tender bosom while I sigh;
Or change my being to a vernal flower,
Plac'd on her breast to taste of bliss—and die

FANCY, be still! ah why increase my pain?
Why fondly dwell, invidious on her charms?
Why aid DESPAIR to paint some happier swain
Clasp'd to her breast, and folded in her arms

And self tormentor, ENVY, shun my breast
Whate'er my fate, be this my constant pray'
In all her wishes let the maid be blest,
And be her life as happy as she's fair!

* An American bird, remarkable for the du-
monotony of its note.

† Goldsmith.

SENSIBILITY.

Sweet innate—sensibility,
How pure thy transports flow,
When even grief that springs from thee,
Is luxury in woe:

Without thee where's the sigh of love?
Or blush by grace refin'd?
Where friendship's sacred tear to prove
The triumph of the mind?

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the RURAL MAGAZINE
are thankfully received at the Office of the
Newark Gazette, at TWELVE SHILLINGS per
annum—one third in advance.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—
By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.